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Sonnets.

BY D. A. WASSON.

I.

LOVE AGAINST LOVE.

As unto blowing roses summer dews,
Or morning's amber to the tree-top choirs,
So to my bosom are the beams that use
To rain on me from eyes that love inspires.
Your love,—vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few,
And I will set no common price thereon,
O, I will keep, as heaven his holy blue,
Or night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.
But aught of inward faith must I forego,
Or miss one drop from truth's baptismal hand,
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and
grow
Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand?
Farewell! Your wish I for your sake deny;
Rebel to love in truth to love am I.

II.

DEFIANCE.

Time's wonted ravage shall not touch my love:
His wrath I challenge, his assault defy.
Rust gathered never on the blue above,
Nor blearing film upon day's golden eye;
Earth and the heavens have gems that are eterne,—
The ruby whitens not with bleach of years,
Ever Orion and his brothers burn,
Nor even Despair itself their fading fears.
O, would he say, who all truth did discern,
That you, then, stars of my heart's heaven, may die?
Or can that heart its wisdom quite unlearn,
Nor be illumined when your light is nigh?
Though Time o'ercame the skies, their azure stain-
ing,
Time's lord were Love, immortal and unwaning.

III.

ROYALTY.

That regal soul I reverence, in whose eyes
Suffices not all worth the city knows
To pay that debt which his own heart he owes;
For less than level to his bosom rise
The low crowd's heaven and stars: above their skies
Runneth the road his daily feet have pressed;
A loftier heaven he heareth in his breast,
And o'er the summits of achieving hies
With never a thought of merit or of meed;
Choosing divinest labors through a pride
Of soul, that holdeth appetite to feed
Ever on angel-herbage, naught beside;
Nor praises more himself for hero-deed
Than stones for weight, or open seas for tide.

—Commonwealth.

The Midsummer Night's Dream.

A LETTER.

Translated from the GERMAN OF ROBERT SCHUMANN, by
FANNY M. RAYMOND.

— Naturally, the first one to hear something about the "Midsummer Night's Dream," from me, is yourself, my dear friend. We saw it at last, yesterday (after nearly 300 years, for the first time), and that the manager set off a winter's evening with it, shows that he has the right sense of things—for in summer one always longs for a "Winter's Tale," and everybody knows why. I can assure you, that many people only went to see Shakespeare, in order to hear

Mendelssohn; this seemed to me a perversion. For Mendelssohn is not like those bad actors who largely display themselves at every incidental opportunity; his music (with the exception of the overture) is only an accompaniment, a meditation, a bridge between Bottom and Oberon, without which, the passage into Fairy land is almost impossible. He who expects more from this music, will certainly be disappointed; it keeps even more modestly in the background than that to "Antigone," where the composers has worked up his choruses to a richer development.

This music does not much illustrate the story of the play, or the loves of the four young people; only once Hermit's search for her beloved is sketched in moving accents; this is an admirable number. It prefers to accompany the fairy portion of the play; and here Mendelssohn was in his own kingdom, and no one more at home in it than he, as you know. The world has long been but of one opinion about the overture; above all, it paints the transformation of Bottom the weaver. The bloom of youth is spread over this, as scarcely over any other work of the composer; the clever master took his first and highest flight in one happy moment. I was pleased, as fragments of the overture came to light in succeeding numbers; but the conclusion of the whole, which brings back the close of the overture almost note for note, did not satisfy me. The composer's ideas, as to the rounding of the whole, are clear; but they seem too understandingly, too reasonably brought out; he should have illustrated this scene with his freshest tones, and just here, where music would have produced the greatest effect, I expected something creative, original. Think of the scene yourself; the elves dance their merry round through every chink and crevice of the house, with Puck at their head, to sweep all bright and clean, while Oberon gives his blessing; nothing more charming or more suited to music can be imagined. Had Mendelssohn only composed something new for this scene! And so, it seemed to me, the highest effect of this piece was wanting; one recollected the many charming numbers as they had passed by. Bottom's asses head may yet divert many even to-day; the enchanted night in the green-wood and the wanderings in mazy paths will be lastingly impressed on many; and yet it made more the effect of a curiosity, than of any thing else, on me.

The music is all finished and intelligent, from the very first entrance of Puck and the elves; then what a beckoning and jesting there is among the instruments! it is as if they were playing the elves themselves; and we hear quite new tones there too. Very lovely is the subsequent song with the closing words: "so good night with lullaby," and indeed all that has anything to do with the fairies. There is a march (the first, I believe, that Mendelssohn wrote) before the close of the last act; it has reminiscences of Spohr's march in the "Weihe der Töne" (Consecration

of Tones), and might have been more original, but it contains an interesting trio.

The orchestra played admirably under M. D. Bach's direction, and all the actors took the greatest possible pains, but the piece was but indifferently put upon the stage. It is to be repeated to-day.

Mme. Cinti Damoreau.

(From "Spiridon's," letter to the Evening Gazette, Paris, March, 1863.)

We are mourning the loss of a brilliant artist, who gave delight to all of our ago-silvered players, the charm of the Opera Comique, the star of nearly all of Auber's and Adolph Adam's operas comiques: Mme. Cinti Damoreau. She was one of the most thoroughly French songstresses Paris ever saw. Brilliant—not deep; sprightly—not sentimental; gay—but heartless; she was the very personification of the *opera comique* which is the very impersonification of French musical genius. The French have taste; they have none of the qualities of genius. They can habit you in an attire which is perfection itself. They can brush you a picture which will please everybody. They can fill the back of the restaurant-bill with verses in praise of the pleasures of table and bed which shall sparkle as the wine of St. Peray. They can send you smiling to bed even after four hours of torture on a hard-seated parquet stall. They cannot touch your soul. They cannot bring down your tears. They cannot rouse your hair on end. The deepest impress they can make is a dimple on your cheek.

They shine in *opera comique*, because *opera comique* is elegant, trifling, married to elegant melody. It is tasteful music. Nobody expects when he enters the Opera Comique to give those horse-laughs which form the proper accompaniment of the Neapolitan *opera buffa*, nor those sobs which *opera seria* commands; no merriment greater than a smile is decent at the Opera Comique, and tenderness dare not go further than filling the eye with a tear. An *opera comique* is an aid to digestion, an usher to supper. It opens one as 'twere to sensual enjoyment; its giddy, gay, rattling, conversational music drives away care and keeps the soul "free," as a squad of policemen preserve a thoroughfare "free" on a holiday. Mme. Cinti Damoreau was just the person to glitter (and she did glitter) in music of this sort. She was not a woman of genius, or of acute sensibilities, or of lofty emotions. She had none of Malibran's all-consuming fire, nor of Pasta's fine-toned soul, nor of Grisi's tragic sentiment. She was the perfection of the art of singing. All that art could accomplish with the human voice, all of sedulous study's miracles, you could find in her voice and with them all that decency and grace and piquancy and quickness all French women have. She never gave you all you wanted—but her coarseness irritated you as La Bruyere counsels visitors to irritate their hosts by leaving the moment before their hosts wished them gone. You wished for something more, and she left just at the very moment where she seemed about to give you that "something more," that soul, that sensibility, those sentiments for which, tired of mere brilliancy, you craved, and was artful enough to make denial seem reticence, when 'twas really lack of power. This was Mme. Cinti Damoreau's prevailing charm; the setting was better than the jewel it encased.

After a clear idea has been formed of her talents it is easy, by synthesis, to discover her biography. She was led to success by patience and by time. She was born in some obscure corner of Paris life. Some say her parents were porter

and portress at the conservatory; others *know* that her father taught some foreign language and that her mother was an engraver upon metal, and that the future pride of the Opera Comique was born on the 6th of February, 1801. She reckoned her birth day to be the night when in *Fernand Cortez* she commanded her first applause. Her maiden name was Cynthie Montalant. She was advised to change it for the sake of the effect on the play-bills, when she was engaged in 1819 at the Italian Opera. She then called herself Mlle. Cinti, which name was, as you see, an alteration of her Christian name, Cynthie. Mlle. Cinti continued to be as obscure as her parents from 1819 until 1826, when, called upon to play a part in *Fernand Cortez*, she won many plaudits. Her performances in *Le Siege de Corinthe* and in *Moise* were still more applauded, and then she underwent, from causes which are not now to be discovered, an eclipse. During this period she married a fifth-rate singer named Damoreau, and became Mme. Cinti Damoreau. In 1829 she was again engaged at the Italian Opera, where she appeared by the side of Mme. Sontag and Mme. Malibran, and to so much advantage in the famous trio of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, that she thenceforward became famous. Of a truth, an artist who can appear in company with such eminent songsters and not prove the shadow of the brilliant picture, may of right command high rank. After some time passed at this theatre, Mme. Cinti Damoreau emigrated to the Opera Comique, and there she proved herself in her true sphere. She never appeared without winning favor. She created the leading part in all of Auber's and of Adolphe Adam's operas, and the perfection with which she filled that part in *L'Ambassadrice*, *Ace-ton* and *Le Domino Noir* was most admirable.—She bade farewell to the scene of her many triumphs in 1844 in Adam's opera, *La Rose de Pe-runne*. Her retreat was wise. It took place while her powers were scarcely impaired by age, and yet at the moment when all her legion of admirers could not refuse consent to the departure. How few people know when to retire! She spent twelve or eighteen months in professional tours, she visited America, and then she settled down quietly here as a singing mistress. She was appointed a chair in the Conservatory, and the rest of her time was given to private pupils. She never appeared on the stage or in a concert after her farewell performance. She had guarded against the afternoon of life, and her declining years were passed away in ease and dignity. She was taken sick eight months ago, for the last six months she had not left her bed, and death proved a relief from sufferings which were almost intolerable. Her funeral was well suited with her career. Her pall was borne by MM. Auber, Ambroise Thomas, Perrin (the old manager of the Opera Comique), and de St. Georges. The funeral music was sung by the best artists of the Grand Opera and of the Opera Comique. All the musical world of Paris followed her remains to their last resting-place at Montmartre Cemetery.

Broadwood & Sons' Pianofortes.

(Concluded from page 2).

The Grand Pianoforte may be said to have been born in England; for although its inventor, Americus Backers, was a Dutchman, it was in Jermyn-street, about the year 1767, that the instrument was originally planned. Backers was a manufacturer of harpsichords. Instead of clothing the strings (when first "applying hammers"), he merely caused them to be struck by soft wood or cork, with a view to obtain the harpsichord tone so much admired at that period. Subsequently, however, he adopted a thin covering of leather.* His mechanism, which possessed the double merit of effectiveness and simplicity, competed successfully with that of the most noted and ingenious of his contemporaries, and was gradually adopted by the principal makers, not only in this country, but on the continent, where it was specially recognized as the "*Mécanique Anglaise*," or "*Die Englische Mechanik*." Upon his decease (somewhere near 1781), Backers, proud of his discovery, confided

it to the future keeping of his friend, John Broadwood, who, while in the employ of Burkhardt Shudi, used to go every evening, accompanied by his own apprentice, Robert Stodart, to assist in bringing it to perfection. Broadwood, nevertheless—subsequently engaged in other projects—bestowed little thought on the new instrument, until several years later. He had, in 1773, succeeded to Tschudi's business (Great Pulteney-street); and his increased responsibilities absorbed the whole of his time and attention. Meanwhile Robert Stodart, who, at the expiration of the term of his apprenticeship with Broadwood, commenced "making" on his own account (in Golden-square), had applied himself with eminent success to the manufacture of Grand Pianofortes, on the model of Backers, his opportunities of acquiring familiarity with which have been described. Besides materially improving the mechanism in several essential particulars, he increased the power and enriched the quality of tone. The vogue and extensive publicity which the new instrument deservedly obtained, under Stodart's name, at length awakened John Broadwood to a sense of its importance. For some years Broadwood emulated his contemporary with but indifferent success, till Muzio Clementi † (as influential a friend to him as Handel had previously been to Tschudi), through continually pointing out the defects of his instrument, and urging him to profit by the experience and counsel of eminent musicians and men of scientific acquirement, not only roused the pride of one to whom the art was already in some degree indebted, and who had succeeded to an inventor and manufacturer of the highest eminence, but particularly excited his interest in the progress and improvement of the Grand Pianoforte. Among the rest he solicited and obtained the advice of Cavallo, ‡ author of *A Treatise on Acoustics*, and other works, which at that period were in high repute. Cavallo, having deduced from the Monochord a theory concerning the length and proper tension of the strings of the pianoforte, drew up a paper on that very interesting and important subject, which he subsequently read, with great success, at one of the meetings of the Royal Society. Dr. Gray, too, formerly of the British Museum—who, after certain valuable experiments, had fixed the absolute proportions of gravity and vibration, respectively belonging to strings of brass and strings of steel (which first led to a division of the bridges on the sounding-board of the Grand Pianoforte)—was also one of Broadwood's advisers. With the aid of these distinguished men, he advanced so rapidly, that his reputation as a manufacturer of Grand Pianofortes was in a brief space established; and as a proof of the worth of those modifications and improvements which the suggestions of Cavallo and Dr. Gray had emboldened him to carry out, they were speedily adopted by every maker of note, both in England and abroad.

In 1792, Jean Louis Dussek, the greatest pianist and the greatest composer for the pianoforte of his day, arrived in London. That this distinguished professor at once came to our House, may be accepted as proof of the estimation in which the firm of Broadwood was held in Germany (as in Italy, where Dussek had travelled, and where Clementi had not been chary of expatiating on its claims to consideration); and that he should immediately take so deep an interest in our instruments as to propose several important modifications, shows that the qualifications they already possessed were such as to elicit the serious attention of a man to whom the pianoforte, as a medium of display, owed more than to any other. It was he who first suggested to John Broadwood the "additional keys." For these Dussek expressly composed concertos, sonatas, &c. (among the rest his famous *Military Concerto* in B flat §), which he played with extraordinary success at his own concerts, and at other entertainments, where, being the "lion" of his day, he was in continual request. From the time of Dussek's improvements to a long period onwards—with the exception of a mechanism invented by Sebastian Erard, of Paris (in 1818), to facilitate the increased rapidity of execution demand-

ed by the works of more modern composers; and another invention, with the same object, introduced somewhat later by John Broadwood and Sons (an ingenious, although simple addition to the still invaluable mechanism of old Backers)—nothing has since been done to change, in any marked degree, the internal construction of the Grand Pianoforte. The consideration of chief importance during the last quarter of a century, or thereabouts, has related to the amount of power, and to the quality and possible variety of tone, which, as practice taught more and more surely the scientific use of weight and percussion—the bearing of the hammers to the strings, the solidity and the method of striking, the most convenient mode of bracing, and the most efficient construction of the sounding board—have advanced nearer and nearer to perfection. The peculiar requirements of modern pianoforte music have induced manufacturers to pay especial attention to the general action of the "dampers," and to the mechanical appliances through which the "dampers" are controlled—the "loud pedal," which entirely neutralizes the effect of the "dampers" (the object of the latter being to arrest the vibrations of the strings when the fingers are removed from the keys), and the "soft pedal," which, by shifting the hammers to a single string, materially diminishes the volume of sound.

For further details about the early invention and progressive history of the Grand Pianoforte Action, whether in connection with our House, or with the valuable labors of some of its contemporaries, during a century past, the reader is referred to Mr. Pole's book, entitled *Musical Instruments in the Great Industrial Exhibition of 1851*—page 13. ¶ This important action—"facile princeps," it can hardly be denied, among the discoveries that have helped to bring the art of manufacturing Grand Pianos to its present state of comparative perfection—while an estimable boon to players and composers, who, through its means, have been able to express on the keyboard, fully, and with every conceivable modification, whatever they wished to convey, is at the same time, in virtue merely of the simplicity of its construction, the most *durable*, as well as the most practical mechanism ever invented.

To the patronage with which our House has been honored, on the part of the great composers and players—from Haydn, Dussek and Clementi, to Bennett, Hallé, Pauer and Arabella Goddard—we may allude with some pride. Until 1789, however, when Potter (father of the eminent Professor), and 1791, when Haydn, Dussek and Hummel first played upon our instruments, we have no dates (at least in regular succession) upon which reliance can be placed—scattered and unconnected portions of our books, previous to that period, being all that remain to us. Nevertheless, *libris perennius*, our work can still be adduced in testimony of early success; inasmuch as we have, in excellent order and preservation, a harpsichord by "Burkhardt Tschudi," of 1771, and another by "Burkhardt and Johannes Broadwood," of 1773. What John Broadwood owed to the suggestions of Clementi, Cavallo, Gray and Dussek, has been stated. We, however, John Broadwood's successors, have also some debts of gratitude to acknowledge. The benefit we have derived from the criticism and friendly advice of such artists as J. B. Cramer, Sterndale Bennett, Chopin, Madame Pleyel, Charles Hallé, Ernst Pauer and Arabella Goddard, we readily admit; and we may add, that occasional hints from one and all of these have been acted upon with unquestionable advantage. Nor must we by any means forget what we owe to the compatriots of John Broadwood (the earliest of our name), whose marriage with the daughter of Burkhardt Tschudi laid the solid foundation of our House. John Broadwood (who came up from Scotland with the traditional "half-crown") was no sooner established in business than Scottish fellow-laborers gathered around him; and to this day the names of Black, Murray, Russell, Forsyth, Finlayson, Allen, ¶ and other representatives in the third generations, of the early friends of John Broadwood—all Scots, too, like himself—claim eminent distinction in our estab-

ishment, as belonging to those whose science, experience and industry are indispensable to its prosperity. May the appearance of egotism inevitably suggested by this history of our progress be in some degree tempered and excused by such acknowledgments.

* * [On the 27th of December, 1817, the Grand Pianoforte, No. 7,362, was forwarded to Beethoven at Vienna. It had been tried by Clementi, J. B. Cramer and Ferdinand Ries (Beethoven's favorite pupil, and subsequently his biographer), whose names, with those of other professors of less eminence, were inscribed upon it. It was unpacked at Vienna by Streicher, and Mr. Cipriani Potter, then happening to be at Vienna, was the first to try it. Beethoven set such value on it that he would allow no one but himself to play upon it, and, only as a great favor, used to permit Stumpff to tune it.

When the composer of *Der Frieschütz* came to England, John Broadwood and Sons forwarded a Cottage Pianoforte to his residence at the house of Sir George Smart, in Great Portland-street, where it remained from the 3rd of March to the 27th of June. Weber arrived on the 4th of March and died on the 6th of June. Except at his own concert in the Argyle Rooms (at which M. Moscheles played), it is believed on good authority, that Weber only played twice in London away from his own abode—on both which occasions the entries in our books warrant us in stating that, in all probability, he used our instruments.

It may also be pardoned in us mentioning, that the last pianoforte ever played upon by Mendelssohn was one of our manufacture, which had been forwarded to his house at Leipsic, during his temporary sojourn (in the summer of 1847) at Interlachen, in Switzerland. Mendelssohn, on arriving home, found the new instrument, and played upon it for several hours. He had been ordered, however, by his medical adviser, neither to play nor listen to music, and this was the last occasion upon which he infringed the regulation. He died very shortly after—Nov. 4, 1847.]

From the beginning of 1780 to the end of 1861, our House has manufactured 124,048 pianofortes, 75,700 of which have been made since 1826. Of the total number, no less than 27,479 were Grand Pianofortes. That these Grand Pianofortes are endowed with a power of resistance, formerly neither attained nor believed to be attainable, combined with a durability at one time regarded as scarcely less utopian, may be gathered from two of their number (fair specimens of the rest), which, though both were completed in 1852, are still, in 1862, the leading concert-instruments. The Concert Iron Grand, No. 18,192, finished September 8, 1852, had, up to January, 1862, been used at 460 concerts. The Concert Iron Grand, No. 18,215, finished December 29, 1852, up to the same date, had been played upon at 458 concerts. During this arduous labor, each instrument lost one string. * *

The Grand Pianoforte, indeed, may, at this present period, be said to have attained the *maximum* of power. The scientific application of the principles of mechanics and acoustics to enriching tone and facilitating touch, so as to add still further to the resources of the skilled performer, must henceforth be the chief if not sole object of manufacturers. With what constant solicitude our House, from the commencement, has studied these important desiderata we have endeavored, in the foregoing pages, to explain. That we shall not deteriorate for want of zeal, or from a belief that absolute perfection has been reached, may, we hope, be taken for granted.

* As the ears of the musical public became more and more sensible to the charm of a sweet, full and mellow tone—legitimate tone, in short—the clothing of the hammers, in leather, or whatever covering preferred, by the manufacturer or by his patrons, became more and more substantial.

† Muzio Clementi, one of the greatest pianists and composers for the pianoforte of whom the history of the art makes mention, was born at Rome, in 1752, and died near London, March 10, 1832. In conjunction with Longman, Broderip, and Co., he founded a pianoforte manufactory himself, under the title of Clementi and Co., from which has descended the now eminent firm of Collard and Collard.

‡ Tiberio Cavallo, a learned Italian, who established himself in London during the second half of the eighteenth century, published (among other works of which no reliable record at

present exists) a treatise—in *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxviii.—entitled, *Of those Musical Instruments in which the Tones, Keys, and Frets are fixed, as in the Harpsichord, Organ, Guitar, &c.* (1788).

§ Op. 40. In the first edition of this concerto may be seen certain passages written in two ways—one for the old instrument, the other, and of course most brilliant, for the instrument "with the additional keys." This instrument "with the additional keys" was, at the period under notice, solely manufactured by John Broadwood.

|| "The whole of these improvements"—says Mr. Pole, in his very interesting summary—"were made at a very early period in the history of the pianoforte. To whom we are indebted for them appears uncertain. Some accounts state that the hopper was patented by Longman and Broderip (the predecessors of Clementi and Co., now Collard's); but there is a tradition that, when the manufacture of the instrument was taken up by Backers, he himself, in conjunction with Mr. Broadwood and Mr. Stodart (both then young men, just embarking in the business), devoted much time privately to the improvement of the mechanism; and that the joint production of the three, when made public (probably about 1770), was the perfect action, known in England as the 'Grand Action,' and on the continent as '*die englische Mechanik*,'—being the combination of hammer, hopper, and check, above described. It has been ever since in use; and with only one further improvement, forms now the simplest and best action known."

"This last improvement is called the 'Repetition' mechanism; and its object may be thus briefly explained. In the ordinary action, after the hammer has fallen, the key must rise to its position of rest before the hopper will engage again in the notch of the hammer, so as to be ready for another stroke; and hence a note cannot be repeated without not only requiring the finger to be lifted through the entire height of the key's motion, but also demanding a length of time between the repetitions, sufficient to allow of its full rise. The contrivances by which this inconvenience has been overcome are of various kinds, according to the fancy or the ingenuity of the makers; but they all act on the same principle—namely, by holding up the hammer at a certain height while the key returns; by which means the hopper is allowed to engage itself under the hammer earlier, and to reproduce the note in less time, and with less labor to the finger than before."

¶ It is but just to state that the first important step towards improving the power and quality of tone in Grand Pianofortes was made in 1820, when a William Allen discovered the first systematic combination of Tension Bars ("bracings"), with a metallic spring plate, an invention patented by his employers, Messrs. Stodart. What our House effected in 1849 and 1851, to neutralize the inconveniences, to simplify, and otherwise perfect the working of this new mechanism—the creation of the "Iron Grands," in short—may be seen in the technical description of our work.

** The wire was made by Müller, of Vienna.

Moritz Hauptmann.

(Translated for the Musical Review and World by FANNY M. RAYMOND.)

[Concluded from page 4.]

We must once more allude, in conclusion, to Hauptmann's great acquirements in the domain of musical history, which the writer of this learned to know, from personal experience, in all their remarkable extent. Two years ago, the Leipsic philosophical faculty entrusted to Dr. Hauptmann the task of judging and criticizing a dissertation, prepared by the author of the present pamphlet, which treated of the history of musical theory among the ancients, and also comprised a review of the oldest and newest musical histories. In the course of the at first perplexing examination, the master placed the mistakes in regard to the enharmonics of the Greeks, the hexachord of Guido, the Latin verbal explanations, &c., in so clear a light before the author, that he became convinced of the incorrectness of several of his statements. This was done, however, with so much kindness and fine philosophical taste, that the first anxieties of examination were replaced by unbounded confidence.

This confidence in him was felt by all his scholars; an assertion that is best proved by the universal honor in which the master is held. His whole life has been a confirmation of the old saying:—

Strength in art makes morals sure;
Is the artist high and pure,
Then the man is better, truer.

A LIST OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF MORITZ HAUPTMANN.

- Op. 1. Six songs with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 2. Two duets for two violins.
- Op. 3. Gretchen before the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, for one voice, with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 4. The Anacreontics of Vittorelli; voice and piano.
- Op. 5. Three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, in G minor, E flat, and D major.
- Op. 6. Sonatinas for pianoforte and violin.
- Op. 7. Two quartets for two violins, viola, and violoncello.
- Op. 8. Divertimento for violin and guitar.

- Op. 11. "Amor timido," for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 12. Twelve pianoforte pieces.
- Op. 13. "Salve regina," for four voices without accompaniment. Pianoforte arrangement for practice.
- Op. 14. Eight songs for voice and piano accompaniment.
- Op. 15. Offertorium "Lauda anima," for 4 voices with organ or pianoforte, ad lib.
- Op. 16. Three duets for two violins.
- Op. 17. Three grand duets for two violins.
- Op. 18. Vocal mass "Kyrie eleison," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 19. Twelve songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 20. Easy Concerto for pianoforte, with two violins, viola, and violoncello, in E flat.
- Op. 21. "On the sea," of Goethe, for four solo voices, chorus, and pianoforte.
- Op. 22. Six German songs with pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 23. Three Sonatas for pianoforte and violin, in B major, G major, and D minor.
- Op. 24. Twelve arias for mezzo soprano, with pianoforte.
- Op. 25. Six of Goethe's songs, for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- Op. 26. Six of Rückert's songs, for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 27. Three of Petrarca's sonnets, for mezzo soprano and pianoforte.
- Op. 28. Twelve songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 29. Three sonnets for mezzo soprano and pianoforte. Italian and German text.
- Op. 30. Mass for soli and chorus with orchestral accompaniment.
- Op. 31. Three songs for voice, pianoforte and violin.
- Op. 32. Six four-part songs for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.
- Op. 33. Six sacred songs for soli and chorus.
- Op. 34. Motet, "Take from us, Lord God," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 35. Six sacred songs for two soprani and alto.
- Op. 36. Three motets—1. "Come holy spirit," for soli and chorus.—2. "Lord, our Lord," for the same.—3. "Praise be to God in the highest," for male voices, with *ad libitum* accompaniment of two horns and three trumpets.
- Op. 37. Six songs for voice and pianoforte.
- Op. 38. Cantata, "Lord! Lord! turn to the prayer," for soli and chorus, with accompaniment of the organ and four trumpets.
- Op. 39. Hymn for St. Cecilia's day, "Over the leafy grove," for soli, two choruses, and pianoforte.
- Op. 40. Three motets for soli and chorus.—1. "Lord, hear my prayer."—2. "Open wide the door."—3. "Hale, near and far."
- Op. 41. Three motets for soli and chorus.—1. "Christ, thou lamb of God."—2. "God be merciful."—3. "Praise the Lord, my soul."
- Op. 42. Six of Frederick Oser's sacred songs for a chorus.
- Op. 43. Three church pieces for chorus and orchestra.—1. "Thou wilt not quite forget me."—2. "And the will of God is good."—3. "Thou, Lord, shonest me the way."
- Op. 44. Three sacred choruses.
- Op. 45. The 84th psalm: "How lovely are thy dwellings." Motet for chorus and soli.
- Op. 46. Two-part songs without accompaniment, the words by K. F. H. Strass.
- Op. 47. Six four-part songs.
- Op. 48. Motet "Who sits under the shelter of the Highest," (Psalm 91) for chorus and soli.
- Op. 49. Twelve songs for a four-part male chorus, the words by Frederick Rückert.
- Op. 50. Twelve canons (Italian and German words) for three soprani, with or without pianoforte accompaniment.
- Op. 51. Motet "Lord, who shall dwell in thy house?" for soli and chorus.
- Op. 52. Motet from Psalm 111, "I thank the Lord with all my heart," for soli and chorus.
- Op. 53. Three sacred choruses.

UNNUMBERED WORKS.

Six dances for the pianoforte.
Rondo for the pianoforte.
Three easy Sonatinas for pianoforte and violin.
Three songs for one voice with pianoforte.

"Salvum fac regem," for choros.

THEORETICAL WORKS.

Explanations of John Sebastian Bach's "Art of the Fugue." Peters, in Leipsic.
The Nature of Harmonics and Metrics. Breitkopf & Härtel, in Leipsic.

Operatic Finance.

(From the New York World.)

The facility with which water pours through a sieve may be taken as a moderately fair illustration of the ease with which capital sifts through the fingers of an opera manager who endeavors to deal well alike with his artists and the public. . . . The lawlessness of necessity compels fool-hardiness to become the most valuable of managerial virtues. The opera manager must possess the infatuation of a gambler. He must put his pile on the pool of chance; bet on fair weather forty-nine nights out of his season of fifty; bet on the steadfast health of his principal singers; bet on the value of gold when monthly salaries shall fall due; and bet on clearing the expenses of every individual performance. Then he must shut his eyes and await the results. The knowing ones, who watch the game, always give odds, and wager that he will lose on weather, health of the artists, and the gold market.

. . . . No one need be told how the leading opera houses of Europe are supported, yet the running expenses of a first-class season in a first-class establishment in the old world are really less than the forced expenditure in New York, Boston, or Brooklyn. Havana and Mexico insure the director against personal loss. Until New York can summon enough art patriotism to shoulder a moderate share of the expense involved in the use of a luxurious opera house, we good people must rest satisfied with paying frequently for representations that are interesting from the display of astounding choral, orchestral, and scenic economy, and beggarly management generally. . . . Maretzek has peopled the Irving Place stage with new faces, many of which belong to artists truly great, as the town has duly discovered and acknowledged. He has infused new life into some worn operas, and has scores in rehearsal that indicate a brilliant wind up to his term of office. When this shall have passed and gone he will be very likely to sit down and count the cost of replacing Mr. Gran, who has been exercising his troupe in the bracing air of Boston Common. If he find that New York has had at his hands twenty operatic representations, for which he is compelled to draw on his security for ten thousand dollars to meet the deficit of receipts versus expenditures, why matter-of-fact people will be apt to admit that it would pay this benevolent creature far better to take his show somewhere else. And if he does, who is ready to repeat his experiment? The truth is New York pays so much per annum for opera which it demands, but the amount paid would not more than yield a fair profit to a minstrel company, if any could be found to engage the Academy nightly for six months. This may sound disrespectful, but the statement is Gradgrindian, as future figures may show.

If patience is being wearied, suppose that the reader favor us by looking over this little sum:

Expenses of one good operatic representation. . . . \$1,600
Receipts at one good operatic representation (average). . . . 1,200

Excess of outlay over income. . . . \$400

Now carry this calculation through a season of twenty representations, and we discover a loss of \$8,000.

This curious result may pique inquiry still further, and so we will append some items illustrative of where the money goes to.

The smallest orchestra that ought to be employed at the Academy, as computed by the best authority, should consist of sixty-four instruments, as follows:

Violins, first.	12
Violins, second.	10
Violas.	8
Violoncellos.	8
Contrabasses.	6
Flutes, first and second.	2
Piccolo.	1
Hautboys, first and second.	2
Clarinetts, first and second.	2
Bassoons, first and second.	2
Horns.	4
Trombones.	4
Trumpets, first and second.	2
Base Tuba.	1
Kettle drums, pair.	1
Total.	64

This classification is about up to opera requirements, but managers have usually deemed it expedient to live on half or two-third orchestral rations. We have heard operas at the Academy when only thirty instruments were present; and even now the

weakness in the string department is lamentable, though owing probably more to the actual scarcity of players than the spirit of managerial economy. Probably a fair estimate of the average expense of each instrument for one week is fifteen dollars. Fifty instruments then cost about seven hundred and fifty dollars for five performances—three nights in New York, one in Brooklyn, and one matinee—weekly. In Paris musicians receive from four to six dollars a week at the Grand Opera, consequently an orchestra of one hundred and fifty there is had for the same money that obtains one of fifty here. The salaries of artists here are paid in gold or its equivalent, and generally average higher than the highest European standard, except in certain remarkable cases.

Mr. Maretzek pays monthly to Madame Medori, \$3,000; to Mlle. Sulzer, \$1,000; to Mlle. Ortolani Brignoli, \$1,000; to Signor Mazzoleni, \$2,000; to Signor Bellini, \$1,000; and to Signor Biachi, \$1,000. An idea of the increase obtained by artists within a few years in New York will be gained by giving the salaries that were paid by Mr. Maretzek to a company that excited interest some dozen years ago. Then Madame Bosio received \$1,800 or 1,200 a month; Signor Salvi, tenor, 1,500; Signor Badiali, baritone, 800; Signor Marini, basso, 800, and Mlle. Vietti, contralto, 400. The present company is the most expensive one that Maretzek has ever brought out. In addition to the salaries of his leading people and the enormous weekly stipend of the orchestra, the manager is saddled with a heavy rent—how much at this time we cannot say positively—a heavy expenditure for advertising and printing, for a chorus, and for an army of scene painters, stage carpenters, machinery operators, costume makers, supernumeraries, doorkeepers, porters, messengers, ballet people, &c., besides a number of box-office employees whose services are indispensable to the satisfactory conducting of a season. Into these several channels the money pours from the pocket-source, and a nice calculation which need not be reproduced here shows that the average expenses of one single operatic representation are, as we stated, about \$1,600. It is seldom that the receipts warrant this outlay.

Mr. Gran, we have good reason to believe, seldom allowed his expenses to gallop beyond \$900 or 1,000 per night, and so furnished an exception to the rule that managers are prone to infatuation and court disaster. But Mr. Gran hardly satisfied the exigent taste of his patrons by the system which he introduced, although there can be no question but that facts justified his policy. The artists' salaries paid by him latterly, we believe, amounted to a monthly total of 4,000 dollars for six persons. Mr. Maretzek's corresponding expenses for six artists will be observed to foot up as high as 9,000 dollars, and all other expenses are proportionately greater this season than last. Yet the capacity of the Academy is no greater than before, and the rates of admission are the same. Mr. Gran was singularly fortunate in obtaining such good voices as are numbered in his company at such low rates. We doubt if he could do it again. Artists of high European estimation will not cross the Atlantic unless they can obtain a large advance on the salaries which they command in the old world. A year from now the prospect is that the cost of a season's opera will be full one-quarter if not a third greater than at present.

However, these facts should not be deemed wholly discouraging. Let it be always borne in mind that Italian opera never has paid its own way when living respectably anywhere. It must be nurtured by public and private liberality. Except in this country it has never been esteemed a commodity to be speculated in. Our academies have been built on the same principle as our railroads, canals, and ocean steamers. The capitalists have deemed it possible to make art pay its regular dividends—and no doubt it has seemed strange to many a stockholder that it won't. When a man offers five thousand dollars for a painting by Church, does he propose to sell it again to one who will bid higher? Generally he does not. His taste will not readily yield to the temptings of his pocket. He does not consider his money as thrown away. Why then should such a person view the patronage bestowed on art in another form as wanton waste unless it retrains itself with interest within a specified time? True, the works of the painter are permanent monuments of genius, and as such command prices at all times, the same as merchantable commodities, but then they are equally liable to depreciate in value. But these considerations really have but little weight with genuine connoisseurs of painting and sculpture. Why should a different spirit exist when the fostering of a kindred art is in question! That it does exist needs no confirmation.

Music Abroad.

PARIS.—At the Grand Opera, during the first week of March, two representations of *Masanello* were given, and the first performance of *La Mule de Pedro*, a light, comic opera by Victor Massé, pronounced skilfully written, but not equal in vivacity to his *Les Noces de Jeannette* and other sprightly trifles. Mme. Gueymard and MM. Faure and Warot (his debut at this theatre) took part in it.

Rossini's *Comte Ory*, another of the only three or four little operas which have figured at the Imperial Theatre for some time past, was in rehearsal, with Warot, Obin, Borehardt, Mmes. Vandenhoeve and de Taisy in the principal roles.

Tamberlik has made his first re-appearance at the Italian theatre in *Poliuto*. *Otello* was announced for the following week.

The first representation of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* (the title changed to *Les Peines d'Amour perdus*) took place during the same week at the Théâtre Lyrique.

Offenbach's new operetta, *Les Bavards*, has obtained an immense success at the Bouffes-Parisiennes. The *Entr'acte* talks of the originality of the piece, the beauty of the score, in which Offenbach has surpassed himself, the consummate comic acting and singing of Mme. Ugalde, the fine *mise en scène* &c.

On the 9th of March Mlle. Gillebert (whose name spelt backwards makes Trebelli, the admired contralto) was married to the tenor, Alessandro Bettini, at the church of St. Roch.—On the same day, at noon, in the church of St. Eustache, Mozart's *Requiem* was performed in memory of Wilhelm (founder of the Orpheonist societies), by the Orpheonists, the choirs of the city of Paris and the orchestra of the Popular Concerts, under the direction of M. Padeloup. The proceeds went to operatives in cotton mills thrown out of work.

The fifth of the famous Conservatoire Concerts (Sunday, March 8) had for its programme: Symphony No. 31 of Haydn; Chorus from *Castor et Pollux*, by Rameau; fragment from Beethoven's "Men of Prometheus"; Psalm (double chorus) by Mendelssohn; 7th Symphony by Beethoven.

On the same day was the fourth Popular Concert of Classical Musical (third and last series), under Padeloup's direction. The pieces were: Symphony in G, No. 45, by Haydn; *Allegretto un poco agitato* (op. 58) by Mendelssohn; Heroic Symphony by Beethoven; Overture to *Semiramide*.—Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, and Schumann's Symphony in B flat were the chief features of the preceding concert.

Mme. Clara Schumann was to give her second concert, at Erard's rooms, with the assistance of Mme. Viardot, Mme. Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) and other distinguished artists.

BERLIN.—The tenor Wachtel has had great success in the parts of Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète* and Raoul in the *Huguenots*.

Two little French operas, *Les Pêcheurs de Cutane* and *La Cloche de l'Ermite* have had a good run at Kroll's, where Sivori, the violinist, also helps to draw the crowd.

Handel's oratorio of "Samson" has been given with great effect by Stern's Society.

Mlle. Artot was to sing her part in the *Domino noir* in German.

The Baroness Delphine von Schauroth, to whom Mendelssohn dedicated his Concerto in G minor, lately performed that piece in a charitable concert given by six ladies of noble birth. Mendelssohn became acquainted with her in Munich when she was a young girl, and admired her talent so much that he wrote the Concerto for her. She has com-

posed some classical pieces said to be of sterling merit. Her playing, both as to technics and artistic conception, is highly praised.

VIENNA.—Adelina Patti and the tenor Giuglini have had wonderful success in *La Sonnambula*. Their triumph in *Don Pasquale* was equally great. In *Il Barbiere*, Patti's Rosina ravished the audience; and Carrion (the Almaviva) is one of the few tenors who recall the best days of the Rossini period.

DRESDEN.—Rubinstein's new opera, *Laila-Rookh*, has been given at the court theatre with great success. Critics praise its fresh and graceful melodies, its original, yet not far-fetched, rhythms and modulations, its richly colored, yet simple and natural instrumentation. "In short the whole score breathes a dreamy, oriental poesy, perfectly in harmony with the subject." The principal parts were sung by Schnorr von Karolsfeld (tenor) and Mme. Janner-Krali.

TRIESTE.—Alfred Jaell still follows up his triumphs. Four concerts have not sufficed for the enthusiasm of the people of his native city. A young violinist, Consolo, pupil of Léonard, took part in Jaell's concerts. It is said he promises to be a future Paganini—but that is said so often!

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (Opera), Mr. Mapleson manager, was to open last Saturday, April 11.

The best artists of last season are retained, and the strength of the company increased in each department. Mlle. Titiens, Mlle. Trebelli, Mlle. Louise Michal, Madame Lemaire, Signors Giuglini, Zucchini, Violetti, M. Gassier, and Mr. Santley, alone make up an efficient company. To these the director has added Madame Alboni, Mlle. Kellogg (the young American *prima donna*, promised last year), Mlle. Artot (her first appearance in England), and Mlle. Rosa de Ruda (ditto); Geremia Bettini (brother to Alessandro), Alessandro Bettini (brother to Geremia); two new tenors—Signor Baragli, from Madrid, and Signor Gambetti, of whom we know nothing; Signor Delle Sedie, the barytone, whom Mr. Mapleson originally introduced to London at the Lyceum, and who last year was at the Royal Italian Opera; Signor Rovere, formerly *prima buffo* at Covent Garden; Signor Fagotti, whom E. T. Smith brought out at at Drury Lane in his Italian Opera Season; Signor Fricca, of the Royal Opera, Berlin, and Signor Bagagiolo, from Parma and Barcelona, both first appearances. Among these may be concealed a Tamburini or a Lablache.

The new works promised are Verdi's last opera, *La Forza del destino*, to be brought out under the "immediate personal superintendence" of the composer; M. Gounod's *Faust*, to be produced under the "personal superintendence" of its composer; and M. Flotow's *Stradella*, also to be produced under the personal superintendence of its "eminent composer." (Is M. Flotow the only "eminent"?)

The following operas will be revived:—*Linda di Chamouni*, for Mlle. Kellogg; *Fidelio*, for Mlle. Titiens; and *Oberon*, with the following cast—Sir Huon, Signor Baragli; Oberon, Signor A. Bettini; Scherazmin, Mr. Santley; Balckah, Signor Gassier; Fatima, Madame Alboni; Puck, Mlle. Trebelli; Mermaid, Mlle. Kellogg; and Rezia, Mlle. Titiens.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A remarkable feature in Mr. Gye's prospectus is the strange names it includes. No less than nine singers are announced to make "their first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera," all of whom, except one (Signor Naudin), pay their first visit to England. These are—Mlles. Fioretti, Maurensi, Elvira Demi, de Maffei and Pauline Lucca; Signors Naudin, Ferencsi, Caffieri, and M. Obin. Signor Naudin was last season at Her Majesty's Theatre. That much dependence is placed on the new comers is shown by the parts assigned to them. Mlle. Fioretti (well known to Naples, Vienna and St. Petersburg) comes out as Elvira (*I Puritani*), Mlle. Elvira Demi as Desdemona, Mlle. Lucca as Valentine (*Huguenots*), Signor Ferencsi as Edgardo (*Lucia*), Signor Caffieri as Arnold (*Guillaume Tell*) and M. Obin as Bertram (*Robert le Diable*)—all characters of importance. Of Mlle. Lucca the Berlin journals speak in high terms, and M. Obin is first

bass at the Grand Opera of Paris. To counterbalance those additions to the company we are to lose Mesdames Caillag and Penco, Signors Gardoni and Delle-Sedie. However much the first three may be regretted, none will complain that Signor Ronconi, who returns after a long illness, is to take the place of the last—and this with no disrespect to Sig. Delle-Sedie.

Mlle. Adelina Patti! Mlle. Patti could ill be spared. We are glad to find her repertory enlarged by new parts selected with judgment. Ninetta (*La Gazza Ladra*), Adina (*Elisir d'Amore*) Maria (*La Figlia del Reggimento*), and Zerlina (*Fra Diavolo*), are each and all well suited to her powers. In the *Elisir d'Amore* and *Fra Diavolo* she will be associated with Signors Mario and Ronconi. Signor Mario is to play the hero of Auber's opera, for the first time; not so, however, Nemorino, as stated. The other lady singers are Mlles. Antoinetta Fricci, Marie Battu, Dottini and Anese, Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Didiée, Rundersdorff and Tagliafico; the other tenors, Signor Tamberlik, Neri Baraldi, Lucchesi, and Rossi; the other barytones and basses, Signors Graziani, Tagliafico, Fellar, Ciampi and Capponi, M. Zelger and Herr Formes.

Two works new to this country are promised—Signor Verdi's *La Forza del destino* and M. Flotow's *Stradella*. "Three of the principal rôles having been written expressly for Madame Didiée, Signors Tamberlik and Graziani" will make the production of the former comparatively easy. Among the revivals most worthy notice are *La Gazza Ladra*, *Otello* and the *Etoile du Nord*. Meyerbeer's opera was produced towards the close of the season 1855, and performed seven times. In 1856 the theatre was burnt down. The part of Caterina is to be sustained by Madame Miolan-Carvalho.

The band and chorus will speak for themselves on the opening night, Tuesday, April 7th, when *Masaniello* is to be given, with (we may presume) the same distribution of parts as last season. It is unnecessary to add that Mr. Costa is once more "director of the music, composer and conductor."—*Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1863.

The change from the habits of a weekly to those of a fortnightly journal is beset, in the beginning, with some unexpected difficulties, which render it impossible to make this number a fair illustration of the working plan into which we hope, after two or three experiments, to settle. To-day we present by no means such a paper, or such proportions of various kinds of matter, as it is our hope to give. It involves much change of method and arrangement, and we have much to learn in the art of condensing; besides that we must impress that art upon our correspondents and contributors, who have kindly continued to favor us at a rate that would soon overflow the single bucket which now takes the place of two. Letters, already in type a week since, are partly superseded by more recent dates; and so we have been reluctantly compelled to some abridgment of these favors; and even now our columns of correspondence are not free from repetition. For some letters, which we would gladly print, we have absolutely no room to-day; some of them will serve for next time.

A little time will adjust the machinery. Then, with method, and, above all, *conciseness*, friends, we shall begin to go all right.

Concert Review.

PHILHARMONIC.—The sixth and last of CARL ZERRAHN's present series (which we are sorry to learn has not proved remunerative, although

so much that was excellent has been offered) took the form of a benefit to him, and was given in the Academy of Music. The audience was very large. The orchestra sounded well, although two important members of the first violin group, Messrs. Eichberg and Schultze, were missing.—The opening piece was Spohr's *Symphonic Poem* (as it might be called with as much reason as those works of Liszt, the commonly accredited inventor of the form and name), "The Consecration of Tones." The programme contained an English version of the poem, which furnishes the poetic contents of the music.

We cannot think that this was a happy selection for the winding up of a series of concerts, Spohr, with all his excellencies, musical magnate as he was, had not the quickening and inspiring sort of genius. In his larger works, even the best of them, he grows monotonous, fatiguing. You feel that there is much excellent matter, many beautiful and delicate thoughts, wonderful skill in treatment, and even great diversity in the successive phases of the masterly unfolding; and still the effect is cloying, wearisome and drowsy. This *Weih der Töne* is his best work, and every one really interested in music wants to hear, more than once in his life, the best work of so great a musician as Spohr. We heard it ourselves with great interest when it was first brought out here ten or twelve years ago by the Germanians; we have not found that interest to grow with repetition. Although several passages, such as the Cradle Song and more of the second part, the theme of the Allegro, after Tone is born, &c., are always beautiful, yet the work as a whole seems every time more heavy—an experience which no one has with Beethoven at least, to name no other. This Symphony certainly deserves a place in some part of a series of concerts that is continued year by year; our only quarrel with it is that it should have come in just at *this* time, for the finale of our season. We wanted the vigorous and bracing breath of a Beethoven to clear away the sultry and oppressive atmosphere of that day of sudden summer; but *this* partook too much of the same Sirocco quality. Spohr's instrumentation, too, with all its art, sounds dull and close and, as it were, matted down, compared with the lively, springing, pungent quality of Beethoven's, or the elastic brilliancy of Rossini's. On the other hand, it is but justice to Mr. Zerrahn to say, that there is much in this kind of music which appeals to a wide public of its own, to almost all persons, perhaps, at the sentimental age; and to these too he must appeal, or give his concerts only to the few.

The other purely orchestral pieces were the *Andante* from the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, and Beethoven's "Leonora" Overture, No. 3, always most acceptable.

Miss ELIZA JOSSELYN played Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto in a manner very creditable for a young lady for the first time attempting so formidable a task, with orchestra, before a great public. She has studied earnestly and intelligently during her three years in Weimar and Leipzig. It would be too much to say that there were not defects; there was a certain stiffness in the general rendering, more force than delicacy often, and in some parts, especially the rapid finale, the execution was not always clean. Doubtless allowance is to be made for the debutante

not feeling quite at ease; one may show force of will, as she did, and yet not realize the freedom so essential to an artistic act. We should think Miss Josselyn excellently qualified for a teacher, and for classical interpretation to a very considerable degree; but the gift for really fine Concerto playing belongs after all to few.—The singing was no addition to the concert, but an added weight. It was simply a mistake. An unfinished pupil makes her trial effort in a formidable piece like the *Frey-schütz* Scena, only to prove that it is beyond her powers, so far as yet developed, and make everybody feel that a classical Philharmonic Concert is not the proper place for such experiments. We could not but sympathize with the young lady, who had been ill advised. The intonation was false, the tones sounded hard and forced, the whole thing was crude. In the *Frey-schütz* piece, the interest of the orchestral portions partly saved it; but it was worse in the popular waltz "Il Bacio", where the music in itself is common-place, and is only useful for the brilliant display of a well trained voice. As we said, we have more sympathy than blame for the singer, placed in so false a position. The real and only important question is, whether it has been wise, or just to the subscribers to a set of first-class orchestral concerts, to introduce pupils for singers, risking the chances of their first trials. We have not room to say all we would about it now; but we may at least suggest, that there was no need of any singing at all in a programme otherwise so rich; and that there is no gap in a concert which a good orchestra cannot fill far more acceptably than any singing which is not of a really high order. Unfortunately for us and for him, Mr. Zerrahn has not had that constant support from a musical public, which could make it unnecessary for him to try experiments.

Mr. Eichberg's "Rose of Tyrol."

Another light, fresh, humorous little operetta by the author of "The Doctor of Alcantara," who seems to have opened here a vein of composition and a career, which might suggest comparison with those of Offenbach. The Boston Museum, if it keeps on in this vein, will become our Bouffes Parisiennes. The new piece was performed every evening last week to a crowded house.

Mr. Eichberg has not been so fortunate in a libretto this time as he was before. The "Doctor" was a trifle, a *Possenpiel* or nonsense piece, as the Germans call it, but it had real laughing matter in it, and piqued the composer's humorous fancy more originally by some of its points. The present plot and dialogue are rather flat and pointless. There are only three characters, Grittly (the Rose) and Franz, her lover, who are Tyrolean travelling minstrels on their way through Swabia to Strasburg, and Berthold who figures as a pedler and turns out to be the rich uncle, supposed lost. It all turns on a mistake about the number of a lottery ticket, which the silly Franz has bought, who on the false presumption of a prize, buys out the pedler's fineries and puts on the fine gentleman, in spite of Grittly's sensible protest and entreaties, to whom however he remains faithful, before as after the discovery of the mistake, and so it all ends happily. But there is a chance for some very good music, to relieve the audience, as much as the flat spoken dialogue relieves the singers' voices, and Mr. E. has well improved his opportunities.

First there is a clever overture, in a light *opera comique* style, pleasing in all but the rather humdrum quality of the Allegro tune that sets in after the pretty pastoral introduction. The curtain rises on a rousing

chorus of vintners: "The harvest is over." The heroine's voice is heard approaching over the mountains in a tender Arioso, greeting the "scenes of the past." This and several songs of hers which follow, now with chorus, now with her lover, are melodious and pleasing, if not particularly original. Miss CAROLINE RICHINGS, one of the most accomplished singers of English whom we have had since Miss Louise Pyne, at once established her welcome in these little pieces. In the "Tyrolienne" she displayed some admirable execution; her trill is remarkably perfect. Her voice is clear and powerful, although a little hard, but always artistically managed.

Then comes in the pedler (Mr. RUDOLPHSEN), and the peasants crowd around him as he sings his buffo proclamation of his wares;—a Dr. Dulcamara in a smaller way. His is about the best part in the play; the comic concerted pieces of which he forms the centre contain the happiest musical inventions, and Mr. R. sings and acts well his part throughout. Perhaps the Trio in which he announces the lottery prizes, is the best music in the opera. We think Mr. Eichberg's muse is happier and more original in this class of pieces, than in set tunes or arias. But the latter are addressed to a Museum public, and must needs be somewhat common-place and sentimental to reach their destination. The Finale of the first act is droll and lively.

Grittly's ballad in the second act, mourning the loss of her guitar flung away by foolish Franz, is touching and was beautifully sung. There follow: a nice duet, in which uncle pedler feigns to tempt the Rose; some comets, very grotesquely treated, between her and Franz: "A fool! a fool!" a Terzetto (Franz's despair on finding his mistake), and a very effective jubilant Finale, consisting of a full chorus and a brilliant waltz air sung by Grittly. Mr. Hill's tenor voice still gains in power and beauty, and his singing was artistic in a high degree. The choruses were better sung, and the little orchestra far more effective and more musical, than one would ever have expected from the Museum. But they have Eichberg for director! This evening he is to have a Complimentary Benefit, when both the "Rose of Tyrol" and the "Doctor of Alcantara" will be performed.

OUR ARTISTS.—The third and last "Reception", was given at the Studio Building last week, Wednesday evening. What is more agreeable than artist life, unless it be their pictures? There is so much geniality, innocent freedom, hearty, happy industry natural good will among them, that we sometimes fancy that the best type of true society we have is that of artists. On these delightful occasions, a thousand or more guests, a brilliant company, are admitted into all the studios in that cheerful and capacious hotel of Art, and meet the artist in the midst of his works. There seems to be endless riches and variety. Especially was it so on this last occasion. Such beautiful creations as you might see wherever you turned in with the tide; such old master-like portraits, "singing" and "listening" groups, "trumpeter," &c., in Hunt's room; such wealth of color, ravalling the profuse flowers there were there, in Ames's; such lovely crayon heads by Rowse and by Miss Cheney; such truthful, quiet, sincere beach views by Gay; such wondrous marine pictures by Bradford; such charming landscapes by Inness, Bricher, Champney, Gerry, Ordway, Williams, Hodgdon and others; such perfect lithographs by Fabronius; all, while they charm you separately, make up a bewitching and yet harmonious total impression, by which the mind feels its own inward wealth increased and its horizon widened. But most of all is one struck by the great progress which the painting art has made here in our town within a few years; the evidence thereof is noticeable in every studio, so that no aspirant need feel discouraged. It is a capital thing for Art and artists and art lovers, this bringing them together in a Studio Building. Here mutual emulation goes with mutual good will; each is inspired to do his best; the general life keeps up the life in each. And these "Receptions" bring the right public into direct contact with the artists, educating the taste and creating a demand for works of Art. Would that we had room to describe and to appreciate all that we saw that evening!

BIERSTADT's magnificent picture "The Rocky Mountains," is now on exhibition at the Studio

Building. We have seen no such real mountains in any painting that we can recall, except in some by Calame, the great Swiss painter. The snow-capped, glacier-collared summits in the background; the grand sweep of the middle distance sloping from the side, with the perfect sunlight upon rock and tree and water; the rich, wide plain of the foreground so gloriously and comfortably encircled, with its picturesque details of Indian life, are all brought together without any poor and separate effect of detail, so that you feel the whole as if it were one great piece of sublime Nature, with real sky and atmosphere.—But go and see it.

LISZT'S "LIFE OF CHOPIN." The first complete English translation of this exquisite tribute to an artist to a brother artist is at length published by F. Leypoldt, Philadelphia. It is, indeed, a beautiful little volume; paper, type, binding, and the whole external style, are most inviting, and worthy of the precious contents. A fine photograph portrait of Chopin faces the title page.

Liszt has given us a most loving, subtle, just appreciation of the composer and his music. He has written the inner life of him as well as the outward. Especially has he illustrated the influence of his Polish nationality, which so pervades his music. More brilliantly imaginative chapters than those in which he describes the Polish dances (Polonaise, Mazurka, &c.) are hardly to be found in any novel. But we have no room now for extracts, nor to say the fitting word of such a book. For the present we will only say that the translation, by Mrs. MARTHA WALKER COOK, reads admirably well, being true to the sense, if somewhat free in style; in this "labor of love" she has entered into the spirit of the book. Every lover of Chopin's music should possess it. Some copies may be found at Ditson's.

We have received and shall soon print a glowing article about it from a contributor; its great length precludes it this week.

New Music.

(From Oliver Ditson & Co.)

FRANZ SCHUBERT. *The Trout*: "One May day in the Morning," pp. 7.

The well known "Forelle" (French, *La Truite*) of the great German song composer will of course be welcome to all who can sing it or get any one to sing it. It is one of his happiest and most characteristic things. The simple melody, to words describing the sly fish "shooting like an arrow" through the brook, and how he is angled for in vain so long as the water remains clear, but when it is troubled nibbles and is caught, is accompanied by a figure which well suggests the flashing, sportive freedom of the happy creature in his element. Well sung and well played it is charming. We only regret that the English words (borrowed from old Izaak Walton) leave the trout entirely out; they are singable, pretty verses in praise of the angler's life. But the German words are also given.

C. KREBS. *The Heather Bell*. (*Blümlein auf der Haide*.) pp. 7.

A very pretty song of its kind, which is not the highest or the most original. A somewhat Tyrolean vein of melody, with an easy flow and likely to be popular. Krebs, like Abt, Proch, Kücken, &c., belongs to the *Dü minores* of German song, who please the many, while the more exacting few turn to rarer geniuses like Schubert, Franz and Schumann. Both German and English words are here given.

L. ARDITI. *Il Bacio* (The Kiss): with English, German and Italian words. pp. 9.

A waltz for the voice! And why should not voices waltz, seeing that they revel in so many other daring intricacies of motion, such fantastical gymnastics, such flashing, dazzling pyrotechnics? Concert singers like to display their agile virtuosity in such things; and surely the waltz form is one of the most graceful and most loyal to some law amid its freakishness. So the Benzano and other waltzes vocalized, have become favorite show pieces with the

bright sopranos. And here is another bright and graceful one, which is the most popular of all just now. It answers its purpose, which of course is not a very high one.

OTTO DRESEL. *Die Forelle*: Song by Fr. Schubert, transcribed for the Piano. pp. 5.

Our friend "the Trout" again, revelling in pure tones, are an element liquid and as sparkling as his native brook. This transcription is made by a true artist, and brings voice part and accompaniment together into a clear, beautiful, complete whole. So the pianist, though he be no singer, can tell the story of the trout quite satisfactorily. Its technical difficulty is not so great, but that it lies within the reach of many an amateur player.

MENDELSSOHN. Op. 16. *Trois Fantaisies ou Caprices pour Piano*. pp. 11.

These need no praise of ours. They are real Mendelssohnian little tone-poems. A fine fancy lies in each of them; and a fine feeling and artistic grace. They are not very difficult, and will form charming studies, such as one after study will not willingly forget. No. 1 opens with a pensive *Folklied-like Andante* in A minor, and soon passes into an *Allegro vivace* in A major, 6-8 time, which tells of, clear blue skies and sunny serenity and life tingling in every fibre, like the *Allegro* of the Italian Symphony; only it is a very little sketch compared to that. No. 2, *Presto*, a light, crisp, fairy-footed Scherzo in E minor, is more in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" vein. No. 3, an even flowing, beautiful *Andante*.

(From G. D. Russell & Co.)

C. MAYER. *Transcriptions for the Piano*. No. 1. *Barcarolle* by Schubert; No. 2. *Zuleika*, Mendelssohn; No. 3. *Sunday Song*, Do. pp. 7, 3, 3.

Who is C. Mayer? We have heard hints, but—one who can transcribe the gems of song so well, might, one would think, give us some gems of his own; for he treats these flowers as if he knew their inmost nature. But such transcriptions, like that of "The Trout" above mentioned, are a truer service to the cause of Art than nine-tenths of the so-called original compositions of the day. Schubert's exquisite *Barcarolle* is made to sing itself most perfectly, with the watery accompaniment and all the fine imaginative traits, the ever shifting play of light and shade, of smiles and tears. It is difficult, but worth the pains to master it.—The *Zuleika* is an excellent study in the art of playing a flowing *arpeggio* accompaniment between a deep bass and a treble melody. In his case it is poetry as well.—The *Sunday Song* is far easier, although the transcriber tells us in a note, that the main features of his arrangement are borrowed from Liszt's transcription of the same song.

LOUIS LIEBE. SONG: *We'll meet above* (*Auf Wiedersehen*). Arranged for Alto or Baritone by R. Wittmann. pp. 5.

A very pleasing, tender melody, simple and well accompanied. The German words are given with a good singable translation by C. J. Sprague. It is the first specimen of a collection of German songs, under the name of "Alemannia."

OTTO DRESEL. *Army Hymn*, by O. W. HOLMES, for solo and chorus *ad libitum*, with piano accompaniment for two or four hands.

The impression which this noble setting of a noble hymn produced at the Jubilee Concert on the First of January, made it imperative that it should be published. Mr. Dresel has improved it not a little in the meantime, especially in the chorus portion at the end. The simple, noble melody, the grand, broad, ringing harmony, the freedom from all humdrum, all mandarin sentiment, all empty glitter of effect, and the perfect fitting to the words, make it the most important patriotic offering of music during this great war. A "National Air" it cannot be, for much of its essential character lies in the accompaniment, the harmony.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 7.—The Academy has never, within my recollection, presented such a series of brilliant assemblages as during the past month of the MARETZKE troupe performances. No matter what the weather, what the work announced, what substitution, the house has been overcrowded almost without exception. The general character of the troupe is fair. The leading artists, MEDORI, SULZER, MAZZOLENI, BELLINI and BIACHI, are very meritorious, and in some renditions as perfectly satisfactory to the public as could be desired. BRIGNOLI, MINETTI, SBRIGLIA, IPPOLITO and COLLETTI are also good in their special roles, and as a general thing have been very successful. My last letter included the announcement of the performance of *Ernani*. Since then we have had the following performances: *Traviata*, with Brignoli, Mazzoleni, Bellini; *Un Ballo in Maschera* with Guerrabella, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Bellini; *La Favorita*, with Sulzer, Sbriglia, Bellini, Biachi; *Norma*, with Medori, Sulzer, Mazzoleni, Biachi; *Linda di Chamounix*, with Medori, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi, Colletti; *Semiramide*, with Guerrabella, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi; *Lucia*, with Brignoli, Mazzoleni, Ippolito; *Ione*, with Medori, Mazzoleni, Bellini, Biachi and Sulzer.

The great hit of the season has been *Norma*. Medori has in the Druid priestess a grand rôle, and she is eminently qualified to interpret it. *Norma* has had three performances, and to such houses! "Standing room only" is a very brief but indicative sentence, and one very rarely required at the opera, but it was brought out from its dusty resting place and hung upon the "outer wall" of the Academy three successive nights—and what for? *Norma*, that well-known, well-thumbed, well-whistled, well-ground opera, with its melodies and gems sung threadbare, brought that dusty placard into service again. The performance was certainly well worth the commendation it received at the hands of the public and the press. Medori was magnificent. All the adjectives of the English language were brought into service, and as to Mazzoleni, words were not found indicative enough. The Adalgisa of Sulzer, and Oroves of Biachi were in harmony with the successes of the other rôles, and *Norma* flourished with undiminished splendor for three nights.

Semiramide was produced for one performance, with a very creditable display of scenery and appointments. The cast embraced Guerrabella, Sulzer, Minetti, Biachi, all of whom looked very finely, but Biachi alone seemed to grasp at the requirements of the rôle. Guerrabella looked as royal and queenly as one could imagine the Babylonian queen herself, and Sulzer made quite a dangerous looking Commander-in-chief. Neither artist, however, has voice of sufficient power to cope with the difficult music of Rossini's master-work.

Minetti, one of Marezke's reserve tenors, made his debut in *Linda di Chamounix*. He is a *tenore di grazia* of very good method, and was very acceptable. The performance of *Linda* was very fine. Medori, Sulzer, Bellini, Biachi, and Colletti were the principals of the cast and were eminently successful. Bellini, as the aged Antonio, was very grand, and in the third act won immense applause. Medori made a very charming Linda, and it was a performance meritorious enough to deserve a repetition. Last night Petrella's "*Ione*," or "*The Last Days of Pompeii*" was introduced with a magnificent cast and with very fine scenic effects. The plot and principal characters of the opera "were borrowed by Peruzzini from Bulwer's "*Last Days of Pompeii*," so says the libretto. The argument of the opera is highly dramatic. Details in my next.

To-night, Mr. Harrison, the enterprising manager of Irving Hall, introduced Ms. GOTTSCHALK to the

public for a short series of concerts. He will be assisted by Mrs. MARIE ABBOTT, Miss EMILIE BOUGHTON—the lady who made the *fiasco* in Italian opera at the Academy—and several others of reputation.

Old Palmo, the first manager of opera in America, who is now a cook in a Broadway restaurant, is to have a benefit given him by the artists now in the city, as a token of their appreciation of his merits and sympathy for his misfortune. The old man has free entrée at the Academy and his hand is clasped by many who knew him in his happier days.

Our mutual friend, "A. W. T.", the "Diarist," left on Saturday, in the Saxon, for Hamburg, en route for Vienna. He paid a hurried visit to his friends in this city, who would have liked to have seen more of him.

"Trovatore" is off again on one of his flying trips to Europe. He sails on Saturday next on a mission of importance, and I doubt not you will hear from him ere long from some distant resting-place in his journey.

Mr. CHAS. JEROME HOPKINS gave an exhibition of his "Free Chorister School" at a Brooklyn church yesterday afternoon. Those who were present give it the indorsement of a success.

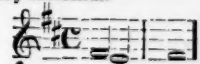
The present season has wrought quite a revival in the musical world, which it is to be hoped will have a more enduring existence than heretofore.

T. W. M.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13.—The musical events of the past two weeks have not been altogether devoid of interest. Besides the repetition of well known and somewhat hacknied operas (*Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Linda di Chamounix*, and act of *Masaniello*), the Italian opera company has given us two comparative novelties; Rossini's *Semiramide*, and Petrella's *Ione*. The representation of "*Semiramide*" was a failure from an artistic point of view; neither the *Semiramide* (GUERRABELLA) nor the *Arsace* (SULZER) of the occasion, were able to give effect to the pompous, florid luxuriance of the music of their parts. In consequence of this, and from other causes the opera dragged heavily.

The name of PETRELLA, the composers of "*Ione*," is little or not at all known here. He is a man of more than fifty years of age, who has attained a certain celebrity in Italy as the composer of five or six tolerably successful operas. The book of this opera, written by Peruzzini, and partly founded on Bulwer's novel "*The last days of Pompeii*"—with the plot of which all who read are well acquainted—is highly dramatic, while some of the verses are written with considerable poetic feeling. As to the music—it is certainly not all of the stereotyped Italian cut, but often original in melody, (nevertheless, reminiscences abound), and some of the recitatives are truly expressive of the words and situation. The finales to the second and third acts are remarkably effective. The instrumentation is fine at rare intervals; and again, often below mediocrity. The opera is, throughout, of unequal merit; but its beauties counterbalance its defects; and, partly owing to its dramatic plot, the interest never flags. It strikes us as the work of a man, who, had his knowledge at all equalled his natural gifts, might have made a great composer. The reminiscences to be found in the work, go to support this conclusion. Was it not Lord Bacon who said, that the more a man knows, the more original he becomes (provided, of course, that the matter that makes the foundation of originality be already there)?

MME. MEDORI sang superbly as *Ione*, and MAZZOLENI sang and acted admirably the part of Glauco; his fine and distinct enunciation of the words being, as usual, one of the greatest charms of his singing; would we could say as much of Mlle. SULZER; but her pronunciation is so vague and imperfect, that the whole tone-coloring of her voice becomes monotonous and tame, principally from this cause. The opera was well put upon the stage; and, if we may trust to encores, recalls, applause, and three performances, has been extraordinarily successful.



PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 3.—Decidedly the worst performance of *Don Giovanni*, at which it has been my misfortune to be present, was given by the ANSCHÜTZ troupe on Monday. I cannot specify a single particular in the performance that would justify me in referring to it in terms of praise. Everything was bad; orchestra, chorus and artists. Mr. Anschütz led as if he was suffering with an attack of nervous debility; and Mr. Noll played his solo in the second act, the *pizzicati* to the serenade, so feebly that one had to look to satisfy himself that it was not Mr. Anschütz performing it upon the beautiful specimen of the modern spinet that decorates the orchestra during the opera seasons. The ladies were beneath criticism; all three, JOHANNSEN, BERKEL, and ZIMMERMAN, wretched to a degree hitherto unknown. May we be spared in future from being unwilling witnesses to such terrible sacrilege! Mr. Anschütz, as manager and conductor, is obviously the guilty party, and as such deserves the severest censure for his presumption; and I regret to find no comment in any of our daily prints upon this performance except a reference to it in one of them as a "charming performance." (Heaven save the mark!)

This was the last night of the season. Among the German operas produced, I would note for the attention of the curious, *Fra Diavolo*, *The Postillion of Lonjumeau*, *Joseph in Egypt*, *Mason and Locksmith*, and *Jean de Paris*.

I fear that the German opera, at least as represented by the majority of the works produced by Mr. Anschütz, is slightly overrated. Of course it is almost superfluous to say that the greatest operas are the German operas; but all German operas are not great works. There are many of them that are characterized by a national respectability, but which create no enthusiasm in a musical soul; representatives of this class are the *Night in Grenada*, the *Wildschütz*, *Stradella*, *Martha*, and the *Czar and Zimmermann*. At each representation of these the opera house was respectfully filled. Now, the *Night in Grenada* and *Martha* are well enough in their way, but *William Tell* and *Ernani* (I am not afraid of being called a heretic) are better; but people crowd to hear those, while these scarcely repay the labor and expense necessary for their production. However, we lay the flattering unction to our satisfied souls, that we are, indeed, a most musical municipality, and that the opera house is a great, practical success. The opera house is a success, inasmuch as all extravagance in these "tragic days" is successful. People go to the opera in winter as they go to the ocean in summer time, to spend money and to show how well they dress; because the music is there they honor it with their occasional attention: when they tire of it they talk; probably many prefer the band of the United States Hotel to Mr. Anschütz's association of talent. Let no one suppose that the music has any more attraction now for the crowd than had *Fidelio* in 1857, when a very select audience of "sympathizing admirers" enjoyed this great work in the same opera house, that is now crowded from pit to dome, with — passionate admirers of Beethoven, of course. Many hopeful enthusiasts, considering solely the mighty throngs at the "Academy," delude themselves with the belief that a taste for the best music has suddenly inoculated the popular mind; but a candid mind cannot take so cheerful a view of the subject.

The present season of German opera, considered as a financial operation, makes one envious of all who were directly interested in the management; they would I congratulate, but not especially the public who have, undoubtedly, spent a great deal of money, but who have by no means had a surfeit, and who are to be considered no better judges of good music than they were prior to the advent of Anschütz and company.

Mr. WOLFSOHN gave his fourth soirée on March 26th. He was assisted by MESSRS. AHREND, STOLL, BIRGFELD, KELLNER, and MULLER. So many pleasant recollections are associated with this concert that I find it impossible to specify any particulars, without making an invidious distinction. Suffice it, that Mr. Wolfsohn and Mr. Ahrend, to whom the solos were entrusted, fairly divided the palm. Both did their very best, and those that are familiar with their performances, know this to be the greatest praise that can be accorded them.

Mr. JOSEPH CORTESI, one of our most popular and successful singing teachers, has had a complimentary concert tendered him by a number of his pupils, among whom are many of the most accomplished amateurs. The concert is to be given at the Musical Fund Hall within a fortnight. I have no doubt that the established fame of Mr. Cortesi, as well as the ability and efforts of the ladies and gentlemen who are to assist, will attract an audience large enough to make it in every particular, a success that will do much to encourage a very worthy and competent gentleman.

APRIL 10.—The resumption of operatic responsibilities upon the Academy stage by Mr. Manager GRAU, led one to hope, that, in view of the names upon the prospectus, that great desideratum, a good opera, faithfully rendered, was at last to be vouchsafed us. But, alas for the futility of earthly anticipations! I wish it might become a custom with managements, never to produce an opera, unless it can be done in a manner superior to its last performance. The adoption of such a rule by our various operatic entrepreneurs, would secure to the public respectable performances. It would save and would have saved us from many a painful experience; especially, from the recent dreadful fate of seeing *Don Giovanni* murdered in a manner that Mozart never meant, and from Wednesday night's performance of *Robert le Diable*. Regarding Meyerbeer, I am not a Schumannite; I think *Robert le Diable* considerably superior to the best of Hippodrome music, and, therefore, deserving of better treatment in the hands of operatic managers than it has received from Mr. Grau.

The "BRETTO children,"—ostensibly brothers, though in reality, not,—have been giving performances here, recently. It is curious to see a child of seven play the French horn, but it is not pleasant, I think, to listen. These young musicians are not prodigies, though I have no doubt they will become respectable performers, excepting the youthful hornist, who, I very much fear, will blow himself out, brains, lungs, stomach and all, long before reaching his majority. It is not pleasant to contemplate this hot-bed cultivation of musical talent. If the child gives token of possessing the divine gift, let him be encouraged and directed in the proper way, and in time he will be fit for the public. The many evidences of a tremendous pressure in their training, apart from a knowledge of their youth, incline me to the conviction that these children have not been allowed to wait long enough for their talent to bud and blossom in the due and proper course of nature.

Gade's 2d Symphony was performed by the GERMANIA, last Saturday. The *Andante* of the Symphony is decidedly the best portion. It redeems the work from the charge of imitation and heaviness, to which it could justly be held, were this movement no better than the others. The *Scherzo* is trivial, and while in place in the overture to a comic opera, is out of place in a classical symphony. The *finale*, I think, cannot be better characterized, than as a funeral march played *Allegro molto*. The imitated portions of the work are the best, being decidedly Mendelssohnian; the original, I trust, will themselves, never be copied, excepting the exquisite *Andante*.—The Symphony is a composition possessing, in the language of geometry, "length without breadth."

MERCUTIO.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dublin Jaunting Car. Song. C. M. Evoy. 35

A lively Irish song, with an illustrated title-page containing a fine view of the spruce driver in front of his handsome car, which stands in front of the Old Irish Parliament House. After appearing in the picture, according to the song, the driver takes you around to see all the curiosities, including Donnybrook and the "Devil's Glen."

Dear Bay of Dublin. Song. C. M. Evoy. 35

Describes the beautiful bay of Dublin, which the author's "heart is troublin'", begirt as it is by the "sweet Wicklow mountains." Title-page has a view of the really fine bay.

Jessy Darling. Song. C. M. Evoy. 35

A simple and good Irish love song, accompanied with a fine picture of Dermot and Jessie, and a ship in the distance. These three songs have been and are sung at exhibitions of the Hibernicon, or Tour in Ireland, and are favorites.

Soldier's Home. Ballad. S. A. Munson. 25

A very easy song and chorus, with a familiar melody, and excellent words.

Instrumental Music.

Immer Heiterer Waltzes. Strauss. 40

These "always cheerful" waltzes are very sunny and bright in character, and are considered to be among the better sort of dances by the celebrated dance maker.

Thermen Waltzes. Strauss. 50

Strauss, with his multitude of compositions, is sometimes hard pushed for a name. The above queer one seems to have some connection with the dedication of the music to the teachers of a medical institute in Vienna. The waltzes are first-rate, and rank high with those who have tried them.

Fairy Land. Schottisch de Concert. Seven Octaves. 50

"Seven Octaves," it is fair to conclude, is one who has the whole keyboard under perfect control. In the Schottisch under consideration, he has given us a wild and sweet melody, with considerable variety, while the piece is not at all difficult. It is dedicated to Gottschalk.

Fairy Wedding Waltz. (Tom Thumb and Wife.) J. W. Turner. 25

A very delicate and tasteful piano piece. Much satisfaction may it give to the little Mr. and Mrs. General T!

Books.

THE NIGHTINGALE. A choice collection of Songs, Chants, and Hymns, for Juvenile Classes, Schools, and Seminaries. By W. O. and H. S. Perkins. 35

Good books cannot last forever, and the many thousands who have used the "Golden Wreath" for themselves or pupils, during the past two or three years, are by this time wishing for a new collection of songs. To such ones the Nightingale can be recommended with confidence.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per copy. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

